PR4453
.C93
N5
1877

Ninety and Nine

THE
GAMMANS POETRY
COLLECTION

THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF
NORTH CAROLINA
AT CHAPEL HILL

ENDOWED BY THE
DIALECTIC AND PHILANTHROPIC
SOCIETIES

PR4453
.C93
N5
1877

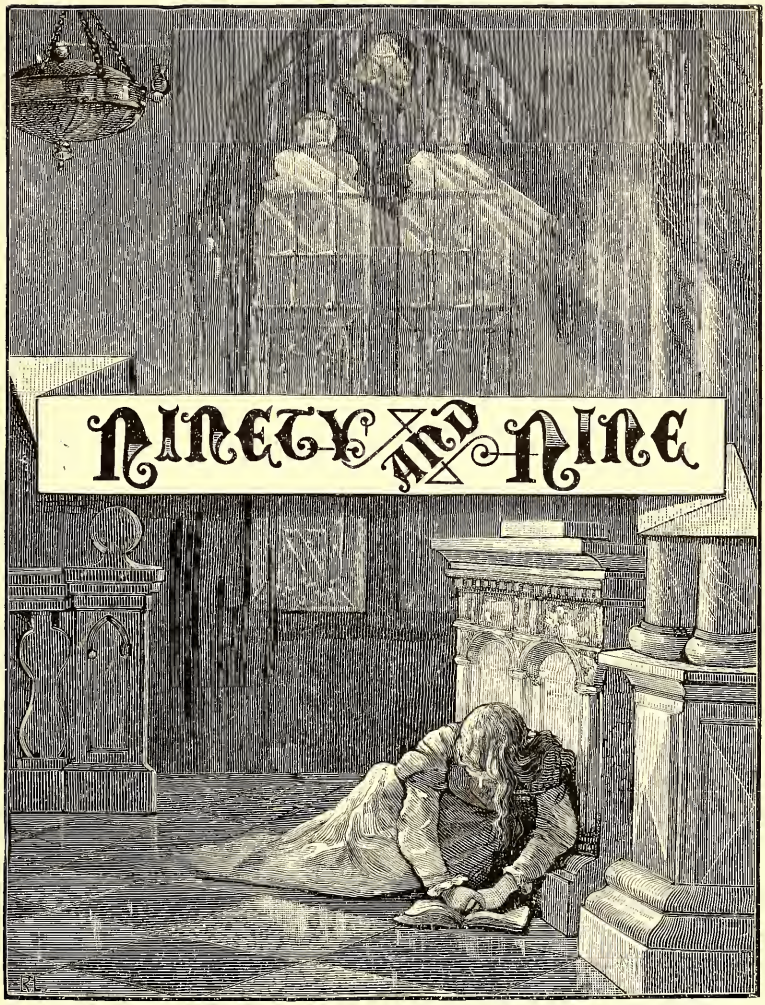
UNIVERSITY OF N.C. AT CHAPEL HILL
10002146740

This book is due at the WALTER R. DAVIS LIBRARY on the last date stamped under "Date Due." If not on hold it may be renewed by bringing it to the library.

DATE DUE	RET.	DATE DUE	RET.
MAR 13 1997			
[illegible]			
OCT 10 1997			
OCT 09 '97			
JUL 22 1998			
[illegible] SEP 11 [illegible]			

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

http://archive.org/details/ninetynineclephane


NINETY AND NINE

THE NINETY AND NINE.

BY

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE.

DESIGNS BY ROBERT LEWIS.

ENGRAVED BY WM. J. DANA.

BOSTON:
D. LOTHROP & COMPANY,

Copyright
By D. Lothrop & Co
1877

THE AUTHOR OF "THE NINETY AND NINE."

I have been asked by a friend to write a short sketch of my sister, the author of the poem, "The Ninety and Nine," which has been so beautifully illustrated and brought out in its present form.

A very quiet little child, shrinking from notice, absorbed in books, and wishing no other companions out of the circle of her home, loving each member of it dearly, but in silence and with little demonstration; the loss of both parents at an early age taught her sorrow. As she grew up she was recognized as the cleverest of the family; the first in her class, she was a favorite pupil with her teachers. Her love of poetry was a passion.

Overcoming her shyness, she developed into a woman whose bright fancy and sparkling conversation made her the delight of her friends.

Gathering little forlorn children, both on week days and on Sundays, she taught them for this life and the life to come.

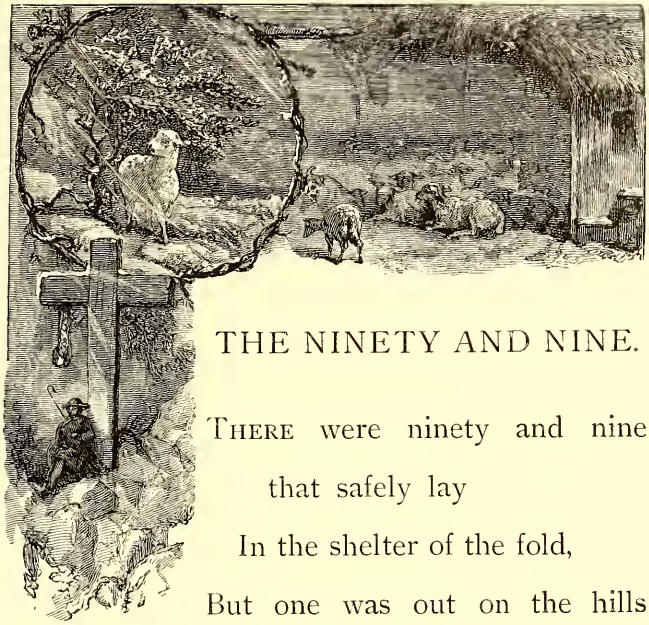
851429

Among the sick and the sorrowful, she won the name of "My Sunbeam;" "the purest mind I ever knew," said one; yet helping with strong compassion to raise and restore the fallen and those who were out of the way, using all the power of her words to convince the skeptical, doing all heartily, and for the Master she honored and loved.

Such was Elizabeth C. Clephane during the days of a life which, when it ended, took unspeakable brightness out of the home she left, and filled the place that knew her no more, with mourning.

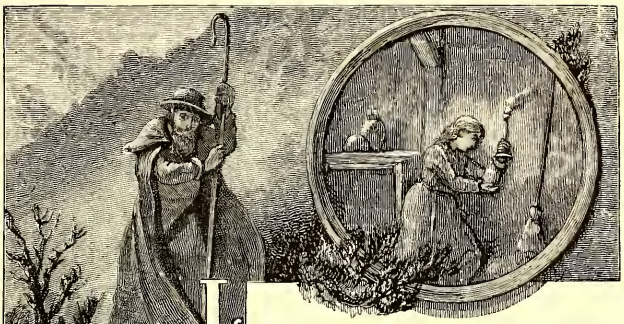
"The Ninety and Nine" was written for a friend who edited "The Children's Hour." It was copied into various publications, but it was comparatively little noticed until Mr. Sankey discovered the words accidentally, in a religious newspaper, while riding on the train between Glasgow and Edinburgh, and, uniting them to his own talent, so rendered them that they have become perhaps the most widely known sacred song which he sings. It is with deep gratitude to him that the friends of the author can say, "She being dead, yet speaketh."

A. M. CLEPHANE,
Bridgend House, Melrose, Scotland.

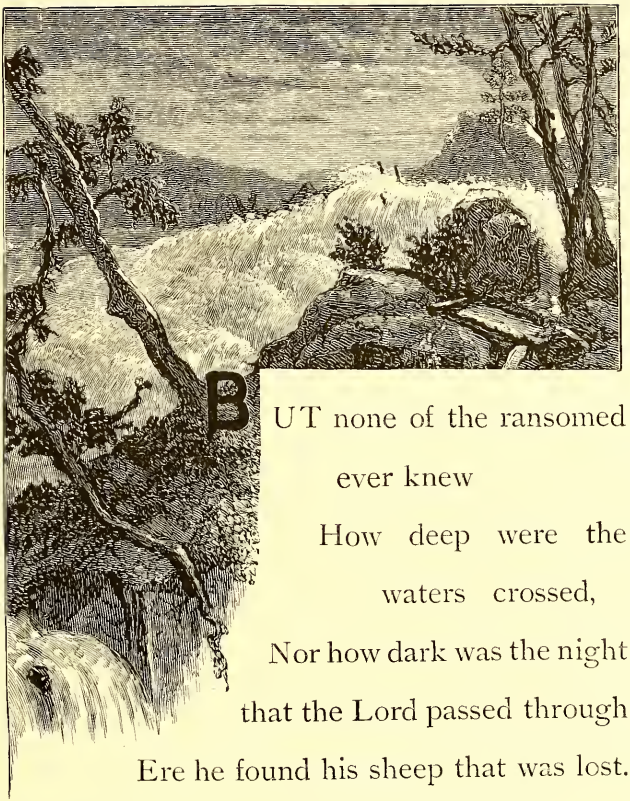


THE NINETY AND NINE.

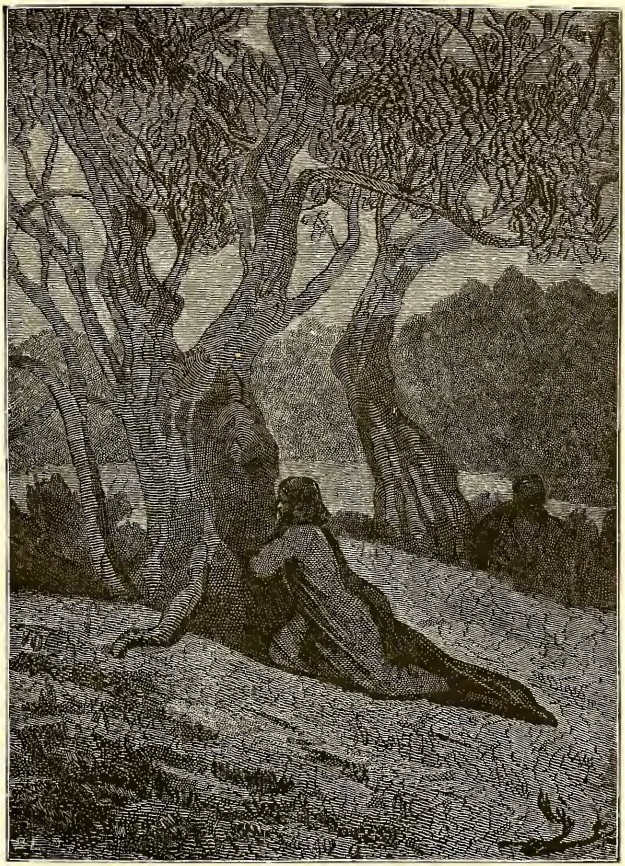
There were ninety and nine
that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills
away,
Far off from the gates of gold —
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.



"LORD, thou hast here thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "'Tis of mine
Has wandered away from me;
And although the road be rough and steep
I go to the desert to find my sheep."



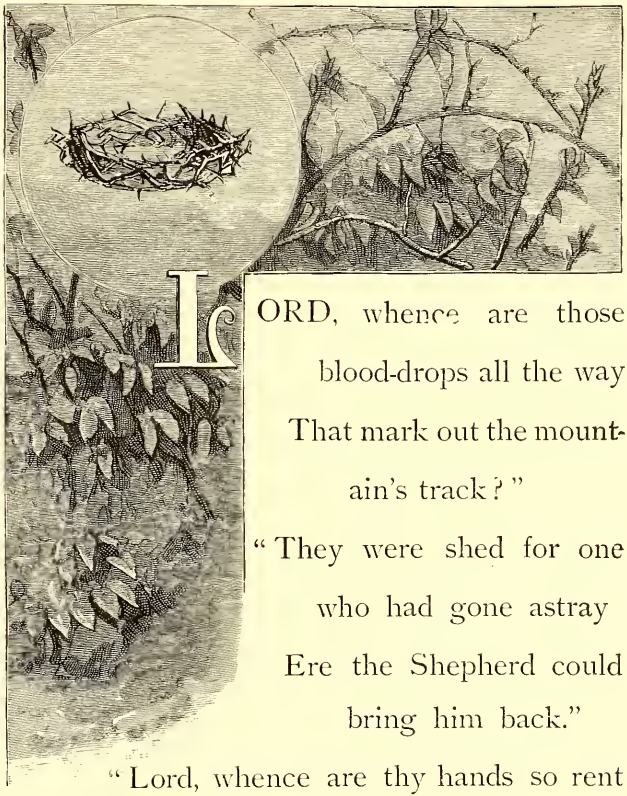
BUT none of the ransomed
ever knew
How deep were the
waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night
that the Lord passed through
Ere he found his sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert he heard its cry —
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.



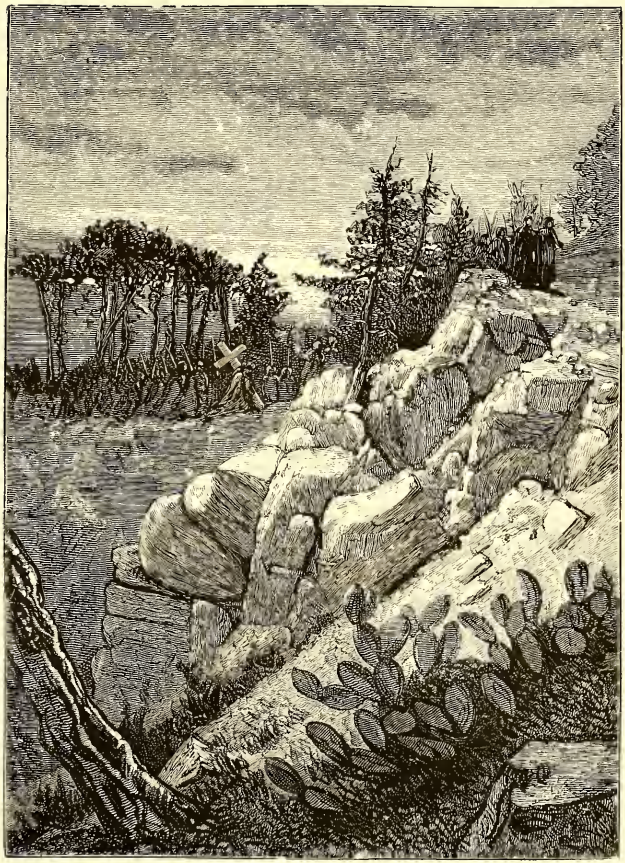
OUT in the desert He heard its cry —

Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

R.L.



LORD, whence are those
blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mount-
ain's track?"
"They were shed for one
who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could
bring him back."
"Lord, whence are thy hands so rent
and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."



But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!"

AND the angels echoed around
the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!"

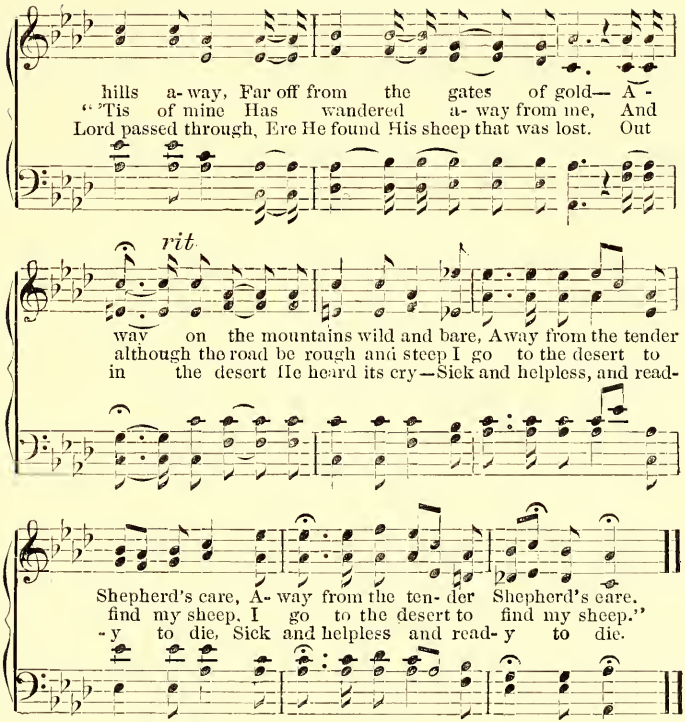
THE NINETY and NINE.

"Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep that was lost."—Luke 15: 6.

E. C. CLEPHANE. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

TO BE SUNG ONLY AS A SOLO.

1. There were ninety and nine that safe - ly lay In the shelter of the
2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine- ty and nine; Are they not enough for
3. But none of the ransomed ev-er knew How deep were the waters

fold, But one was out on the
Thee?" But the Shepherd made answer:
crossed, Nor how dark was the night that the

hills a- way, Far off from the gates of gold— A -
"'Tis of mine Has wandered a- way from me, And
Lord passed through, Ere He found His sheep that was lost. Out
rit.
way on the mountains wild and bare, Away from the tender
although the road be rough and steep I go to the desert to
in the desert He heard its cry—Sick and helpless, and read-
Shepherd's care, A- way from the ten- der Shepherd's care.
find my sheep. I go to the desert to find my sheep."
- y to die, Sick and helpless and read- y to die.

4

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are piereed to-night by many a thorn."

5

But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a ery to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice for the Lord brings back His own!"